Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

15' Sept
1933

Dearest Creature,

I am a wretch never to have written — not that you care. But there has been such a rain of visitors on my head that I couldn't escape. Next week is hopeless — Lord! I have to see Ethel, the Lucas's — Peter, whom I vowed to regularly Charleses, & a new unknown wife: then go to London to see 12th Night, William Lydia is acting: then Morgan Forster: but after the 23rd Heaven be praised, there'll be no one that I know of.

Could we come then? I'm longing to see the Ellen Terry home. Will you thank. rather late in the day. Miss Craig or St John, for offering lunch! I'm going to join their society, I mean nothing more than subscribe to the Barn, as soon as

I can summon resolution to write a letter or a cheque.

Yes it's very lovely here. Angelica & Eve are shooting bows & arrows on the lawn. Two Comma butterflies have been copulating on the cabbages – but there! – you never collected butterflies, so a comma more or less means nothing to you. All the romance of life is to me centred, not in Vanessa by Hugh Walpole, but in a Red Admiral sitting sugar on a beech tree.

My word, what a nice woman you are! That's the very words I said, on reading your letter to Leonard. Moreover, they confirmed my own raging. He was rather in a stew. I thought we were making demands on your honour, integrity, friendship, magnanimity & so on. I said. Oh but Vita is like that. Then your letter came to confirm it. It was a noble act though, towing Lord Sheerness into the Duck pond, or Serpentine, for to tell the Duke. I don't like Hunt-davis in the flesh, nor Cape in the spirit. Yes. I'd like to see you again. We stay on till Oct. 6th or so; therefore we may meet. Suggest any day: I will too. V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

Sept - 30 - 1933

Saturday
Monks House

Would it be possible for you to have us to lunch next Thursday, which is, I think, Oct 5th - say about one? Then we could for a bit see Ellen Terry or not, as turns out convenient: but I'd rather see you than any remains: That's a nice compliment. If you know what a riot of human kind we've had here - Eleven last Sunday; not all to stay thank God, but [illegible] to talk, & to ten I won. However they were all, I admit, charming; however) don't want any more talking; however, that's impossible, because we go back to London. But I've just faced Lytt & told her not to come. All this [illegible] prover- to ach more however - how fond must be of you. I've made another pond two. At first the walls blanted up me way: down another. And now where can I buy pots, Italian, & a statue? That's my contribution to the garden.

I've a mint of things to say but I cant
remember—a Irish one. How did
Passion do at Croydon? Will Jo
enjoy it? Can I see it? Is it
coming to London? And we
dined with Mary, & her Jeremy
wants to meet your Ben, so I said I
would hand on the message.
Mary makes love to me—yes: often but
people dont. I daresay at this very minute
You're couched with some herring fisher in the
Straw God damn you. A stack here caught
fire last week. And the beagles came over today,
& my mushroom field was destroyed by
them. D'ye know. I've had mushrooms
every morning. Gods; a blackhaven, also Gods.
And then we have to go back to Tavistock
& Men Went a hunting— Yes I shall read
your book, through: & I'll lend you Flush, Flush
but its only a silly little joke: there is not modesty,
nor variety but sense. Ethel was here the
other day: 6 hours: 6 hours really
hard work. Let me know
about Thursday

V.

52 T. S. Tuesday. Oct 10. 1933

~~Wed~~

Yes as come chis wednesd:
Jan come 4-30. Thursday.
Je Jerker a lave after tea;
Jan both bite rubber. Stay in a
litta (Julais Comey. wants Tea Jer)
Perhaps we might go to woolworths
a have some other Starbly adventure.
It cured my head - a miracle.
But I've been listening to Hugh for
3 hours so am not
minken any wits - he's a
dear boy ors humble bee, & as
mild as a thorn Lamb about
Vanessa
Jo 4.30 Thursday V.

Couldn't we lunch together
or Dine? When?
Just Thursday &c...

52 T. S.

Wednesday 1st Nov. 1933

"I saw Vita lunching at the Café Royal today"
said Jack Hutchinson last night
In such a pang of rage shot through me!
All through Dinner, & the mutton, which ended
with champagne & iced cake at 12.30, I
was going back & foraging in my mind for the
lead in my pillow: (you know what I mean: the lead
under the mattress) & that was it. And I
Couldn't say "who was with her?" And it
burnt a hole in my mind, that you should
have been lunching at the Café Royal: not
Come to me. Now pleased you'd be!
you did it on purpose I daresay. But who
were you with? You know I should get
mad as it – yes, & was a woman you
were lunching with, & there was I,
sitting alone, & & . . . . .
I break all my writing, which is all
dish water, to make this heated exclamation:
In fact we've been having the devil of

Couldn't we lunch together
on Sun.? When? Where?
Not Thursday 9th...

527.S.

Wednesday 1st Nov. 1933

"I saw Vita lunching at the Café Royal today"
said Jack Hutchinson last night
Oh such a pang of rage shot through me!
All through dinner, & the mutton, which ended
with champagne & iced cake at 12.30, I
was going back & foraging in my mind for the
seed in my pillow: (you know what I mean: the pea
under the mattress) & that was it. And I
couldn't say "who was with her?" And it
burnt a hole in my mind, that you should
have been lunching at the Café Royal: not
Come to me. Now pleased you'll be!
You did it on purpose I daresay. But who
were you with? You know I should get
mad as it – yes, & it was a woman you
were lunching with, & there was I,
sitting alone, & & . . . . .
I break all my writing, which is all
dish water, to make this heated & clamation:
In fact we've been having the devil of

time, what with one thing & another. Quentin's going to Switzerland. Nina's flying with him to Geneva & we're motoring them to Croydon at 6 on Friday morning: then go to Brighton to see Frank, who can only haul himself round a table, hanging on to Osmond's arm. Then back on Monday.

And when shall I see you? Dearest creature, do write & tell me who you were lunching with at the Cafe Royal — I sitting alone over the fire! NYPL I've had your book in my hands — a very stately st'n. like a slab of ivory engraved with steel; but I didn't read it, because you are giving it me. On the Cafe Royal! When Jack said that — not to me, but to the company. You could have seen my hand tremble: & then we all went on talking. & the Rothschilds came in, & a fat man called Shearman, & the candles were lit, & I chose mine, a green one, & it was the first to die, which mean they say that one of the people there, I shall be the first to wear a winding sheet. But you'll be lunching at the Cafe Royal!

V.

Nov. 8. 1933

Gs. may not indeed – dinner on the 13 th.
Would you prefer dinner here with L.
or alone out?
Let me know. Appalling rush.
Oh a two such intolerable days –
Nessa flying to Geneva & back.
lost in fog over Paris. 2 hours
late. Oh my God – how I hate
caring for people!

V.